

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1919



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest.

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
..... dollar, for the purpose of the Academy
specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum
to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within month
after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with
exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns
forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross
Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pitts-
burgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.



The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER, AND FEBRUARY

VOLUME XI Mount Carroll, Illinois, December, 1919 NUMBER 4

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Entered October 1, 1911, at Mt. Carroll, Ill., as second-class matter, under Act of July 16, 1904

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Editorials

Attention, Please

How much longer is Frances Shimer going to be conspicuous by the absence of a swimming-pool? We who are interested in seeing a Better Frances Shimer feel that we are entirely justified in making frequent and persistent appeals for the swimming-pool—our first need. The majority of private schools that are in a class with Frances Shimer have for several years had in their equipment splendid swimming-pools. And so, in this issue of the *Record* we make one more appeal to our trustees. Can they be willing to let Frances Shimer fail for one more year in this great step toward a Better Frances Shimer?

A Chance to Help

The Social Service Committee of the Y.W.C.A. is undertaking something new this year. It is going to fill boxes for two needy communities in the South.

In Kingston, West Virginia, there is a mining settlement which is taken care of by a community house. This place asks for scrap books, baby layettes, magazines, and pictures.

The Harlan County Community Life School at Smith, Kentucky, is just being established. Their first building has been completed and needs furnishings in the way of sheets, pillow slips, lunch cloths, and towels.

The committee is looking to the girls for help in filling these boxes. Keep all cartoons, jokes, and funny papers for the scrap books. Give a few hours a week of your time to sewing the towels, bedding, and baby outfits. Last but not least, give as much money as you can.

A Needed Organization

The question has lately risen whether or not it would be possible to have an orchestra organized in Frances Shimer. Some of the students are very anxious for such an organization, and, as there are a fair number of musically talented girls in the school, the matter would not be a very difficult one.

Someone is needed to seek out available players, arrange times for practice, and work out other details of organization. With a little pushing Frances Shimer should have a good orchestra by next semester.

A Strange Land

HOPK HOPKINS, Academy '20

"Step lively," shouted the gateman as the last few passengers hurried down the tracks. The train gate clanged shut on the heels of a neatly tailored, small-town girl. Edith Evans was in the great city. The station fulfilled her conception of Hades. The dull roar, punctuated now and then by the piercing shriek of a locomotive, made her head swim. The gas and smoke that had hung under the roof since the station was first used made her eyes smart and dried her throat and nostrils. Slowly she entered the mammoth waiting-room. She even ventured so far as to seat herself on a bench, keeping a tight grip on her bag. If she could only think! Her memory was perfect; she could bring her uncle and her old home town before her eyes as she could a familiar picture. But to think, to plan ahead, she could not.

She looked about her for someone whom she might ask about a boarding-place. No, these men were all hurrying like mad; and each woman was absorbed in her own particular situation. Many had their hands full with fretting children. Minutes passed. A withered old scrub-woman came in, pail and mop in hand. Edith watched her as she slushed the gray mop into the dirty water and smeared it over the floor. She seemed less forbidding than the rest. She might not have another opportunity to speak to her. Yes, she would ask this woman at once.

"Excuse me, madam," said Edith, her voice trembling, "Can you tell me where I can find a boarding-house?"

The old woman looked up. No one had ever addressed her so before, and she was not ill-pleased, but from force of habit she answered, in her sullen, scornful voice: "Where d' ye work? Ye can't live on the East side en work on the West?"

"Why, I—I don't know yet. But I shall work some place, and maybe I could get work near the boarding-house."

The woman wrapped her water-soaked, shapeless paws in her apron before answering.

"Ye ain't got no work, ye say! Well, I guess ye won't be a-gittin' any, either. They never is after takin' on greenhorns anywhere."

Edith's heart sank. "But I have clerked in a store before, and I will work *very* hard," she urged.

"Well, ye might get sumpin' somewheres; the holidays is a-comin, on in three months or so. My man's got a sister-'n-law what keeps boarders out at 985 West Elm Street. That's about two mile from here.

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Her old man died three year ago an' left her three kids to take keer of. She might take ye in if she knowed I sent ye."

"Oh, thank you! Where did you say she lived?"

"985 West Elm Street. Ye take a Browdmore car at the corner of Cleave an' Henderson an' transfer to a Elm car at Hudson. The car runs right past the house."

Edith's mind went blank. Street cars had always been a mystery to her, and as for streets and numbers—they might as well have been Greek!

The woman resumed her mopping, leaving the girl staring into space. A few seconds later the slushing ceased. "Well, ain't ye goin'?" she demanded.

"You see the trouble is, I have no idea how to get there."

"I just got done tellin' ye how to get there."

"I know, but I can't remember. And if I could remember, I couldn't find the car."

The old woman softened. Something about this sweet-faced, intelligent-looking but helpless girl aroused her pity. Patiently she described the trip again while Edith wrote it down in detail. She even went so far as to get the transfer man to take her trunk for her. He charged her twice the usual price, but Edith was too numbed to know it.

She stepped out into the street. The rattle, rush, and roar of the traffic sent her back, cold and trembling, into the entrance. But it was to be gone through with, she told herself, and ventured out again. Her hesitation caused her to miss several cars, but after three hours of agony, she walked up the ill-kept steps of 985 West Elm Street. Never could she remember what happened or how it happened, but soon she found herself in a tiny smoky room under the roof.

Now, for the first time, she set down her bag. She seated herself on the hard, bumpy cot as though in a dream. There was one window in the room, covered with a dirty curtain. The wall paper, yellow with age and gray with smoke, covered the wall only in patches. A wobbly table, a squeaky chair, and a battered washstand furnished the room.

How long she sat there she neither knew nor cared. Her mind was a blank, her body cold and trembling. At length the landlady came up to call her to supper. At first she refused, but after much coaxing followed her downstairs. The dining-table almost filled the dining-room; a dozen or more boarders lined the walls. Edith was hungry, at least she should have been, but she could not eat. She had never seen such food before.

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The meal over, she returned painfully to her room. Every muscle ached, every nerve twitched, but she was too dazed to mind anything. She sat down on the bed again, gazed at the opposite wall. Hours passed. She did not think to undress; she was in a different world, and it didn't occur to her that anything could be the same. Toward morning she slept a little, wakening with a start every few minutes.

It was morning at last and quite light. The greasy smoke of griddle cakes and the odor of reboiled coffee filled the house. Edith suddenly sat up and grasped her purse. It was very flat. It came to her a little at a time that it was not enough for her to escape this bedlam. She must go out and fight in it. She washed herself and brushed her suit. But, oh, how she felt! Body, mind, and soul were weary. Her skin was dry, her eyes smarted, her throat ached, and her lips were cracked.

As she stepped into the street, the autumn air chilled her very bones. For the first time it struck her that she did not even know where to go to look for work. She had not thought about there being stores and stores, and so had not thought in what kind of store she was fitted to work. One thing she had learned thus early in her experience—that she could ask for directions.

"Pardon me, but could you tell me where the stores are?" she asked a freckle-faced newsboy.

"Down on Beaken between Forty-first and Forty-ninth," replied the newsy, wiping the apple off his mouth with his coat sleeve.

"Where is that? Is it far?"

"Right down this street. Sure it's twenty minutes' walk from here."

Edith hurried in the direction pointed out to her, feeling as though she surely must waken soon and find that it had only been a horrible nightmare. 'Thirty minutes' walk brought her into the vicinity of the big department stores. Why she picked out the most pretentious one for the first trial would always be a mystery unless, because of its magnitude, it impressed itself on her bewildered brain. Now that she was actually before the store and going to ask for work, she felt excited for the first time. It was a relief from the stony coldness that had held her in its rigid grasp for so many hours. She walked to the entrance, and at the very threshold turned and walked away. It took four attempts to get her into the store. Once in she felt almost as lost as she had before. What should she do? To whom should she go? What should she say?

Then again it occurred to her to ask. Walking up to a counter, she addressed a girl in a fussy blouse and an elaborate hairdress. "Pardon me, but could you tell me where I may find the proprietor?"

The girl glanced up from the spools of ribbon she had been arranging in the case, and, looking her over from head to foot, broke into a laugh.

"Say, Martie," she giggled, "this wants to know where she will find the proprietor."

Martie giggled, but Edith scarcely heard them and heeded them not at all. The floorwalker came up, and the girls behind the counter went quickly to work.

"Is there something I can do for you?" he asked.

"Could you please tell me where I may find the proprietor?" repeated Edith.

"And what do you wish of him, may I ask?"

"I want to go to work clerking."

"Um, I see. Mr. MacLain, the basement-store manager, is the man you want to see."

"Yes," Edith assented, not because she felt sure that it was so, but because she didn't know what else to say.

"His office is in the basement at the end of aisle eleven."

"Thank you," she murmured, and made her way through the throng to the elevators.

Thoughtlessly she took an elevator going up instead of down, and had to ride to the thirteenth floor and back down to the basement. She found the office without difficulty and within half an hour was let into Mr. MacLain's presence.

"Well?" said MacLain.

"I should like to go to work clerking in your store, sir," Edith advanced.

The idea of saying, "your store" to Mr. MacLain amused him, and he chewed his cigar a second or two before saying, "Ever had any experience?"

"Yes, sir, I worked in John Peterson's store in Cambridge, Iowa, for over a year."

"Got any references?"

"Why, no, I—I haven't. I didn't know that I would need them."

The day before one of his lady clerks had gotten "peeved," and "walked off the floor," and then, too, Henty MacLain was feeling very amiable because of the safe arrival of a new son. "When can you go on?"

"Oh, any time. Right now." But she was far too tired to be happy.

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"All right, come along," and he led the way out of the office and down the aisle. "Oh, Cal, put the little girl on flannels."

"Yes, Mr. MacLain." The floorwalker bowed and turning to Edith said, "And what is your name?"

"Edith Evans."

"Edith Evans. Very well, Miss Evans, put your coat and hat in here—that's it. I'll punch in your time," and he did so as he passed the floor clock. "Here you are. This is Edith Evans, Polly; show her a bit about stock; she's green."

"Yes, sir," said Edith's partner on flannels. She was a plain girl, but not unkind. As the work was slack she showed Edith about the stock, and Edith tried desperately to retain it, though she scarcely heard it. The day continued a blank.

Five o'clock came; the store closed, and Edith took her uncertain way to her boarding-house. She ate but little supper and climbed to her room. Her feet were swollen and ached. Her back felt the effect of long standing and unaccustomed walks on the hard pavement. Sick and miserable beyond belief, she made ready for bed.

Every night for as long as she could remember she had looked out of her window across a meadow to where a nearby grove touched the sky, and had found peace and strength in her evening prayer. But here how could she? Surely, God had never looked upon this dirty, smoky, smelling city. Like some pagan of old she had moved from the dominion of her God, and knew no other. Without relief she lay upon her cot and from exhaustion fell into an unrelaxed sleep.

Thus the days and the nights passed. Every minute was dreaded; every day an eternity, endless—and at the end nothing but dread for the morrow. In the evenings she thought of the meadows, the woods, and the streams that she knew so well. They must be beautiful now, she thought. Sometimes on Sundays she wandered a bit in the parks; but they were always full of people, the flowers were in formal beds, and the trees far out of reach beyond the signs, "Keep On the Walk." She had passed many churches but had never gone into one. It would not be right. They worshiped a different God from hers and with strange formal ceremonies. At the store, at the boarding-house, and on the street acquaintanceship neither grew nor decreased. She trod a treadmill, moving ceaselessly, but remaining in the same place.

Christmastime came on. The store was decked like a victim for the altar. New stock came into every department in heaps and stacks. New help was brought in, and the awful Christmas week came. And,

oh, the horror it strikes to the heart of the clerk! For seven whole days he must work with strange stock and with new, inefficient help. He must work rapidly and keep his wits while being jostled and tramped upon, often going without rest or meals. However, Edith was so miserable that this could add but little to her discomfort.

At last the day before Christmas came. Before the doors were opened the air throughout the whole store was electric with tense expectancy. Eight o'clock came and the doors were opened. The people swarmed in, and the fight was on. The mob took possession of the place; it trampled, pushed, pulled, and elbowed in and out. The roar shook the pillars and the clamor smote the ceiling.

But as all things must end, five o'clock came at last, and the doors were closed. While Edith was silently putting on her wraps, Polly came up behind her, and for a minute held her close in her arms as she slipped a box under her arm. Leaving a soft warm kiss on her lips, she disappeared before Edith realized what had happened. The kiss did not stop at her lips but spread in a pleasant thrill to her fingers and toes. Her body felt warm where Polly had leaned against her.

She climbed on the car, forgetful of fatigue. In her room she found that the landlady had spread a dinner on her table, that she might eat in comfort and at her own pleasure. Examining the contents of the box, she found two nice lacy things, not bought at the store but made for her by Polly's own hands, and in the bottom a box of homemade goodies.

Suddenly she was seized with a desire to go out into the street where there were people. She finished her bath and her dinner hurriedly and made her way through the crowded streets. Strange, she had thought them so dirty; strange, too, that she had never noticed how willing people were to speak to each other even though they never had seen each other before.

Of necessity she stopped in front of a church. The crowd was happily waiting to get in. Unconsciously Edith turned in with the crowd. Pushing her way in, she put her arm around the woman next her. Through the door came the opening lines of "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

"Dear God," she murmured, "Christ is born. It never can be the same again." And heedless of the tears on her cheeks, she made her way toward the open door.

A Modern Santa Claus

LUCILLE FISCHER, Academy '20

It was Christmas Eve, and Bobby and Betty were filled with all the ecstasies of childhood. They did so want to stay up and wait for Santa to appear, but upon being told that good old Saint Nick did not come to naughty little boys and girls who stayed awake they reluctantly trudged off to bed.

After a few hours in dreamland, Betty was awakened by a slight noise downstairs. Assuring herself that Santa Claus would not mind their peeking between the draperies, she shook her drowsy brother and started toward the stairway with him. As Betty was the older, and little Bobby was still half asleep, she gave the instructions for their trip down to the parlor. Slowly, softly, stopping on each step to be sure they were not heard, they finally reached the bottom of the stairs. Then carefully they tiptoed to the heavy draperies, and peered into the dark parlor, which was streaked with faint moonbeams. There, in a corner of the spacious room, stood a figure discernible only by its slow movements and the glitter of the objects it held.

Bobby and Betty held their breaths; they did not wish to disturb Santa. The great tree in the center of the room was all decorated with dazzling objects, and he was now evidently removing their presents from the huge sack which lay in a strip of moonlight on the floor near him. They saw many knives and forks and spoons. A beautiful gold watch was held to the window. How Bobby wanted a really truly watch! He drew in his breath and emitted a soft "ah!" At that, Betty clutched his hand tightly, for Santa had turned, and a huge silvery thing glistened in the hand he extended toward them.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Betty, in a half-whisper, "we only wanted to take a look at you, and we'll go back to bed, Santa, dear."

"But I want to stay and watch him," asserted Bobby, as he crawled up into a large armchair near the doorway.

"Mayn't I turn on the lights so we can see you better, Santa Claus?" queried Betty as she reached for the electric-light button on the wall.

"Leave that light off and keep quiet," came in low tones from between the teeth of the dark figure, who had stood, stunned and motionless, for a moment, and who now dropped the glittering object to his side.

"Oo! It's the revolver daddy wanted," whispered Bobby as his older sister climbed on the chair beside him. "And there's my watch, and mamma's new spoon!"

"Ah! don't put those silver dishes back in your sack! We'll be good, really. And there's the brooch just like Mrs. Maser's that mother wanted, and my bracelet that Santa was to fix for me, and there's mamma's vanity case, too!" Betty's childish chatter became louder at each word, and Santa was again obliged to request silence.

It was Bobby who noticed the diamond-studded lavalere on the floor near the sack. "There's Aunt May's locket. I bet he's takin' it away wif him 'cause Aunt May was cross today and he's going to punish her an' give it to poor Mrs. Jones. Don't you fink so, sis?" he said, as he watched "Santa Claus" pick up the bit of jewelry and put it in his bulgy sack.

"Sh! didn't you hear him say for us to be quiet? We must be good or he won't leave us anything. We better go—" Here she was interrupted by a cry from Bobby. She looked for the cause of his sudden burst of tears, and saw their dear "Santa" putting Bobby's new gold watch into his pocket.

"An' I've been good all week, an' now I don't get nothin' anyhow!" whimpered the broken-hearted youngster, as he staggered, his fists in his eyes, from the room. His cries became screams as he pushed aside the draperies.

Footsteps were heard on the floor above, "Santa" jumped out of the French window using language which Betty thought very unsuitable for Santa Claus, and a minute later the children's father appeared on a scene which consisted of two frightened children, a big black sack, a conglomeration of jewelry and silverware, and an open window.

The Campus Muse

Thoughts of Frances Shimer

GLADYS COLVIG, College '21

Thoughts of Frances Shimer school days,
Pleasant thoughts we like to muse on,
Thoughts of teachers, friends, and pleasures,
Work and play—but always pleasures.
A thousand things come to our memories
When we dream of days we lived there,
Days we loved and love to think of,
Happy days of youth and laughter.

How we shivered in the mornings,
When the ground with snow was covered,
Shivered through the task of dressing,

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Wishing for the springtime weather,
Forth we ran 'most late to breakfast,
Shoes not laced and ties not fastened,
Pantingly we reached our tables,
Late, yet everyone together.

Through the days we went together,
Cheerfully through the days, the months,
Learning, through our teachers' patience,
'The joy of living, loving, working,
In our journey through this life,
Thus we dream of days gone by,
Happy Frances Shimer school days.

When the Christmas Season's Here

LOUIA DYKES, College '21

When the air is crisp and frosty
and the Christmas season's here,
And you hear the jinglin' of the bells
through the air so still and clear,
And the buzzin' of the sawmill,
and the whistlin' of the wind,
And the laughter of the young folks
as their sleds come down the hill,
Oh, that's the time a feller
is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him
from a night of peaceful rest,
And the whole world seems a-waitin'
for this season of good cheer,
When the air is crisp and frosty
And the Christmas season's here.

True Love

HELEN CONNORAN, College '22

Can your love for her be counted in many ways,
And be regarded as true always?
Count it for love's sake only—Do not say,
"I love her for her clothes, her beauty, her way."
Say over and over again you love her
As if it were like a hell;
Then love her also in silence; love her well.

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Campus Trees

GLADYS GREGORY, College '21

On both sides of the walk tall evergreens grow,
And oft I have wondered how much they know
Of the girls who have wandered along this walk,
How much they have heard of their girlish talk.

This knowledge gained through many years,
Has made them dignified as seers;
So now we all look up in awe,
And think of all the things they saw.

Courage

HELEN CRAW, College '21

One day in January
I saw a little flower,
Blooming by itself
Beneath a sheltered bower.
A dandelion I saw,
Peeping through the ground;
The only flower you'll find
Blooming the whole year round.

A Light unto My Path

MILDRED WALKER, College '21

O little star of faith, thy light
Has ever led me through the night
Of darkness and of deep despair;
Lead thou me yet with tenderest care,
O little star of faith!

O'er stony path and toilsome way
Send forth thy bright illumined ray,
Bid darkness cease, turn night to day,
And guide me on when I delay,
O little star of faith!

A Christmas Carol

FLORENCE SCHWEIZER, College '21

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
God make your lives full bright,
Cast out all thought of wretchedness,
Watch over you tonight.

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God rest you, merry gentlemen,
May all your hopes succeed;
May peace and love your cup o'erflow,
Good luck attend each deed.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
And may the Shepherd's star
Lead you to treasure-lands anew,
Like the wise men from afar.

In the Library

LONA L. GILGARY, College '18

There have been a number of new books added to our library this fall. Three which attracted my attention at once were Anna Howard Shaw's, *The Story of a Pioneer*, Arnold Bennett's *Buried Alive*, and Israel Zangwill's *The Melting Pot*.

Dr. Shaw is said to be one of the greatest American personalities. That is reason enough to make every American read the account of her life as she tells it in *The Story of a Pioneer*. Many of us know something of Anna Howard Shaw, but none of us know that side of her which is shown in this delightful and intimate story of herself until we have read the book. It holds the reader as though it were a novel. It is a story of action, of mirth, of laughter, and even of tears.

Without doubt the parts which relate to suffrage will be of great interest to many. They tell of the growth of suffrage, Dr. Shaw's connection with it, and that of other noted people.

Buried Alive is one of Arnold Bennett's novels. It is a charming and amusing piece of literature. The hero of the story is a famous painter who is too shy to endure the attention paid him by the public. He witnesses his "pseudo-remains" buried at Westminster. A delightful mix-up follows, but, as in all good novels, in the end everything is smoothed out. There are humor and pathos, old ideas and new ones. All in all, *Buried Alive* is a delightful novel.

The Melting Pot, by Israel Zangwill, is a drama which has for its historical background the great massacres of Jews in Russia and the settlement of the thousands of Russian Jews in the United States. All of the characters except one are Russian. The principal thought brought out is that, in America, all races and nations are laboring and looking forward. God is making the American from the mingling and intermingling of Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and English, Jews and

Russians. Thus "America is God's crucible, the great melting pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming."

All three books are worth reading and possessing.

The Hallowe'en Prom

"May I have the honor of this dance, madame?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Harlequin," answered Patricia Punkin, in her best manner, bobbing a curtsy that puffed her big skirt into a golden globe. Sir Harlequin led her away to dance, past three big brown monkeys, dangerously full of mischief, who were scheming, I'm afraid, to get more than their share of punch. Ghost and witch spooked about, comfortably at home among autumn surroundings, suited to that night of nights, Allhallow Eve.

Oriental maiden, be my jewel-laden
Princess, all arrayed in glory!

serenaded a bold khaki lieutenant to a bewitching maid from the East, all gleams and mistiness, as the couples swung around the ballroom, 'neath cats and bats and owls ominously floating above.

"I just *love* those cornstalks all around the fireplace, don't you?" queried a dainty Japanese girl, in pink kimono and obi. And still the dance went on.

Then a sudden hush fell, "What's that?" we asked. The Junior Special, of course!

Do you believe in ghosts? Everyone should, especially on the ghosts' very own night; they would be deeply offended if we didn't. However, there was no doubt of their existence when, to the summons of a mysterious witch in a full cape, Socrates, with his ever-present hemlock floated in. He was a real ghost—you could see right through him. Good Queen Bess came, too, with Raleigh and his long-suffering cape. There were other spirits, whose fame has outlived their mortal life: Diogenes, who with his lantern searched vainly for an honest man; Columbus, declaring boldly as he dented the end of his egg, "I knew the world was round, even if they said it wasn't!"; radiant Cleopatra in shining robes; the hero of every small boy's heart, George Washington, and their honors, Napoleon and Shakespeare. Then to cap the climax came Everyjunior, bearing gently the hope of the class, an infant Nebby.

The Juniors surely strove to make us enjoy ourselves, and they may be justly proud of the way they succeeded.

Better English Week

During Better English Week, November 2-8, the bulletin boards showed many attractive good speech posters, and the chapel periods each day were devoted to keeping the purpose of that week before our minds.

On Tuesday Dean McKee talked of the significance of Better English Week, making us realize that this was one of the many schools and colleges in the country which were taking up the movement. He also gave some examples of speech faults which proved how badly we needed to correct our English.

Hila Jalbert talked on Wednesday, telling us in what ways we could work for the cause. She explained the meaning of the different-colored ribbons in the tags which were given to those willing to work. White was for keeping our English pure, gold represented its true worth, and green was to keep it ever growing.

The Academy Seniors challenged the College Freshmen to debate on the subject, "*Resolved, That Slang Should Altogether Be Eliminated.*" The challenge was accepted and Thursday chosen as the day on which the debate should take place. The negative was upheld by Bess Appelman and Margaret Avery from the Freshman class and the affirmative was supported by Hope Hopkins and Pearl Kulp from the Senior class. Some striking and convincing arguments were presented by the negative side, while the arguments of the affirmative side were delivered remarkably well. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the affirmative.

During the week the work of the English classes was on matters pertaining to better English. One day was given to composing songs on the subject. Some of the best of these songs, about four or five, were printed and distributed among the students. The chapel period on Friday was given to learning and singing these songs, which were very clever and original.

On Saturday, a play entitled "The Three Bad English Brothers" was given by the Juniors. The trial of slang, mispronunciations, and bad grammar for the assault on mother tongue was conducted in an interesting and realistic manner.

Saturday was also Tag Day. There were certain official taggers who tagged us for the use of speech faults such as the misuse of pronouns—"he don't"—or corruptions of "yes" and "no." A list of words for which we might be tagged had been posted beforehand. Anyone given a tag could rid herself of it by giving it to one whom she

heard using a speech fault. In this way everyone was kept constantly alert, watching both herself and her neighbor. For that reason the results of Tag Day were probably more effective than those of other days.

Sophomore Play

Quality Street, a comedy in four acts, was put on by the College Sophomore Class Monday night, December 8. The play is set in the time of the Napoleonic Wars. The queer old-fashioned costumes added a charm to the evening's entertainment, but most of all the well-chosen cast impressed us. Blanche Fuller took the part of Phoebe Throssel unusually well, portraying to us both the lady-like and the coquettish side of the young lady of the early nineteenth century. Her naturalness and grace were alike very marked. Geneva Van Avery as Captain Valentine Brown vividly portrayed the staid, yet persistent lover. Melissa Kingsley played the part of Susan Throssel (a spinster) with charming propriety. She soon won her audience, which she held through the entire evening. Enid Wicher, Grace Riddle, and Thelma Smith played the parts of the other three spinsters. Frances Peterson as Charlotte Parratt is not soon to be forgotten; she gushed after the men as naturally as Phoebe shrank from them. Marjorie Graham in the part of Patty was quite as clever and frank as in her everyday life. Irene Connoran as Recruiting Sergeant Spice, and Thelma Fox as Ensign Blades were successfully realistic.

"Christopher Junior"

There were great expectations centered in the Senior class play. Our curiosity had been aroused in the weeks before by numerous little yellow slips on the bulletin board concerning "Mr. Christopher Jedbury Junior." Besides, it was the first play of the year, and we looked forward to something very clever from the Seniors. So it was that we all held our breath when the curtain went up Saturday, November 15, disclosing Jedbury Junior's apartments.

Pearl Kulp, playing the title rôle, represented our ideal of a young man. It is not easy for a girl taking such a part to adapt her acting to a masculine viewpoint. The reputation of Pearl's ability is firmly established. We know the rich smoothness and the flexibility of her voice, and we feel a certain sense of security with her, as we do with one intimate with the stage.

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Dora, Christopher's sweetheart, was played by Mary Holderman. Dainty, pretty, with splendid poise, Mary carried the part to perfection, even to the tying of Christopher's obstinate tie.

Hazel Hoxsey was a young lawyer, Tom Bellaby, a friend of Mr. Jedbury's, sleek of head and bright of eye. She portrayed this character most realistically. Mr. Bellaby was fittingly rewarded for his fidelity to his friend by winning Miss Nelly Jedbury, Mildred Schulze, who was certainly worth a great amount of trouble to get.

Kathrena Williams interpreted well the wealthy middle-aged father. We always knew when "Katinka" narrowed up her eyes and quirked up the corners of her mouth that she was planning something unexpected or amusing. The part of Mrs. Jedbury, the dignified wife, was taken by Hila Jalbert, who was a good match for "Katinka." She never for a moment forgot the character of her part.

A most important person was Major Hedway, a retired army officer, and Hope Hopkins made this pompous, self-centered, chess-loving individual very vivid to us.

Mrs. Glibb, Maurine Hoffman, did enough talking for both herself and her husband, as her name and nature suggested. Mr. Glibb, Naomi Judy, tickled us. Behind a fortification of heavy-rimmed spectacles, Naomi maintained an expression of the most absolute blankness. Incidentally, we would like to say that Naomi spoke her lines without a single mistake.

What is a play without a villain? Genevieve Freeman, as Mr. Simpson, supplied this part beautifully, even to the necessary vicious mustache. Job (Marion Powell), Christopher's round-cheeked, sullen valet, disgusted with his young master's pranks, and Whimper, Mary Pfleeger, the waxwork type of a butler that we always long to prick with a pin to make him jump to see if he is alive, deserve special credit for work well done.

We all agree with "Nebby," who knows, because he was there, when he says, "It was great. I never had a better time in my life."

Song Recital

The large audience which greeted Mr. George T. Morgan, Thursday evening, November 6, in Metcalf Hall included many who remembered his singing on a previous visit to Mt. Carroll and welcomed this opportunity to hear him on a more pretentious occasion. Mr. Morgan was in fine voice, and with an admirably arranged and decidedly interesting program won a success which must have been exceptionally gratifying

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to him and his many friends and admirers in the audience. His singing is marked by a full resonant quality of a voice under excellent control, with careful clearness of phrasing and diction. Nor is the earnest, intelligent study he gives to each and every number lost upon the discriminating listener. His endowments of temperament, sympathetic musical insight, and earnestness of purpose should soon gain for him a wider recognition in the musical world. It would be difficult to discriminate among the many beautiful numbers on his program, which embraced four groups, ranging from the early classic to the modern—the latter including some American productions, such as the two negro spirituals which were exceptionally well done and made an instant appeal to the humor of the audience. Some exceedingly good singing was done in the Handel aria from *Nerxes*, as well as in the aria from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Interesting too were the Russian and French groups, affording great opportunities for variety of tonal coloring.

Mrs. Katharine Hoffman at the piano was an artistic factor in the program, contributing accompaniments that were models of musicianly interpretation and sympathetic feeling for the intent of the composer. Seldom does one hear such completely satisfying support given to a singer. It is pleasant to remember the enjoyment of the evening. Encores were in frequent demand, and the listeners' appreciation was demonstrated by the hearty and spontaneous applause.

Artist Recital at Frances Shimer

The American pianist, Harold Henry, who is having great success as a concert artist, gained many new admirers at the recital given Friday evening, December 5, in Metcalf Hall. In an exacting program, well calculated to display his many admirable qualities as a performer, one was impressed with the clean-cut tone, careful phrasing, and individuality of his style. Mr. Henry commands a remarkable technique, and his work throughout was marked by a perfection of detail and breadth of tone which were nowhere better exhibited than in the fine first and last groups which called for great diversity of style. The Brahms Intermezzo was given a most refined and musicianly interpretation, and in his well-planned treatment of César Franck's scholarly Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue he produced a broad, unified effect and revealed a strong sense of climax. To the Chopin group was added an encore, the Polonaise in A flat. This was given with much swing and fire, and Mr. Henry succeeded in endowing even the most familiar of this group with a fresh interest. Favorite numbers of the third and last

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group included his own composition, The Dancing Marionette, containing many original and unique tonal effects, Debussy's lovely pastel, Reflections in the Water, Liszt's Petrarch Sonnet, and the Caprice Espagnol, Mouzkowski. Responding generously with encores, which included Beethoven's Scotch Dance and the Grieg Nocturne, Mr. Henry closed a brilliant program and left with the audience the impression of a true, unaffected, and sincere artist.

Vespera

On October 19, the vesper service was led by Miss Morrison. She gave an interesting talk about pictures of English land-capes and historical buildings, which were shown on the screen.

A Roosevelt memorial service was held Sunday evening, October 26. There were several responsive readings and prayers, and the flag was brought in by two of the girls. The program followed was one adopted by the Roosevelt Memorial Association, and Dean McKee led the meeting.

Sunday evening, November 2, Miss Hostetter showed instructive slides of Troy, Greece, and Sicily, and gave a lecture upon them. The evening was enjoyed by all.

The vesper service on November 9 was devoted to singing. Various girls told us something about their favorite hymns, after which Maxine McMahon played them and we all sang.

On November 16, Miss Cryder showed slides of the Tudor period, including monasteries, homes of nobles, and important people. She gave an interesting talk on these historical pictures.

Miss Schuster played several records on the victrola at vespers, November 23. Some of these were "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Merry Wives of Windsor," the latter two having been recently presented to the school by the music history class.

On November 30, Miss Pierson read two interesting stories. These were "The Fifty-Cent Kind," and "An Amateur Missionary."

Miss Pollard held vesper services on December 7. She read various poems, some of which were by Kipling and Service. These poems, which were greatly varied, were enjoyed by all.

Chapel

On November 23, a very interesting program was given at chapel by three expression students. The first was Mildred Walker, who gave

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"A Rendezvous with Death," by Alan Seeger. This was followed by Margaret Avery's recitation of "Bill's Grave," by Service. Irene Friend ended the much enjoyed program with Service's "Fleurette."

The Y.W.C.A. Budget

The Y.W.C.A. has recently been working on a drive for a five-hundred-dollar budget which will be used for the various expenses of the association. It has hitherto been the custom to ask for a membership fee of one dollar from each person. This system did not supply sufficient funds without making it necessary to charge extra for various functions. The intention is to do away with this old method and apportion the new budget as follows:

Membership Committee (for conference fund)	\$180
Religious Education Committee	100
(for contribution to Y.W.C.A. work in Japan)	
Social Service Committee	75
Social Committee	50
Cabinet Fund	50
National Work	40
Publicity Committee	5
	<hr/>
	\$500

The Association is the only philanthropic organization on the campus, and the cabinet has great plans for this year's work. Delegates are to be sent to various conferences throughout the country. A contribution is to be given to foreign missions; an altogether new movement is on foot in the work of the Social Service Committee. Each girl is to be given an opportunity to pledge something to the fund and so do her bit to help along the work of the Y.W.C.A.

The Christmas Party

"I never feel as if Christmas were coming until we've had the Christmas party," one girl was heard to say. To many others the Christmas party, with its symbolism compounded of beauty and jollity, strikes the right note for the season. From year to year we look forward to it. It is one of our customs which we would not willingly lose.

On Monday afternoon, December 15, we gathered in College Hall. The mummers, a gay band which included King George, brave in armor, and Father Christmas himself, entered, singing "Adeste Fideles." The burning of the fagots, each having some significance in herb-lore, was presided over by Blanche Fuller. Helen Chapman lighted the

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fireside candles, expressive of good wishes for health, wealth, and love—three, as the Wise Men were three. Kathrena Williams explained the old custom of burning a candle in the window for the guidance of the Christ-Child on his way through the streets, and lighted the candle there to show “that this is a house of friendliness, and that he is our guest.” Mrs. Wingert read “Christmas at the Cratchetts’,” and Miss Richey, with Miss Schuster at the piano, sang a Christmas carol.

Then, as the wassail bowl was carried through the hall, all joined in the old song,

Now we come a-wassailing
Amidst the holly green,

and trooped after the bowl to feast on its contents and on Christmas cakes.

Santa Claus, wearing the authentic Santa face, but speaking with a voice strangely like that of Virginia Doschadis, appeared bowed under his pack, from which he gave a sack of popcorn and candy to each good girl—and none failed to qualify. Next, from under the bedecked and lighted tree in the corner of the ballroom, Gertrude Murdough took a large and knobby bundle, which she threw into the midst of the girls. The lucky catcher took off the first wrapping and found a Christmas gift; then she threw the bundle up to invite a second scramble. And so it went, the bundle growing leaner and leaner until it finally wasted away.

We knew then that the program was over, but we lingered to talk (and perhaps to secure another bit of cake), loath to end the Christmas party. To Mrs. McKee and the social committee of the Y.M.C.A., who arrange it each year, we give our thanks.

The Christmas Recital

The annual Christmas recital by students in the music department of Frances Shimer was given in Metcalf Hall, Saturday evening, December 13. In spite of the extreme cold, a fair-sized audience enjoyed the following program.

Le Papillon	<i>Dennee</i>
KATHRYN GLOVER	
Romance without Words	<i>Feure</i>
MARGARET MCKEE	

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Gavotte in B Flat	<i>Handel</i>
VIRGINIA HASKELL	
Cradle Song	<i>Kreisler</i>
FRANCES PETERSON	
Sonatina	<i>Clementi</i>
a) Allegro	
b) Rondo	
VERA LAUB	
Fairy Tale	<i>Merkel</i>
RUTH WILLIAMSON	
Nocturne	<i>Brassin</i>
FRANCES ROSENSTOCK	
Summertime's Song	<i>Speaks</i>
IRENE FRIEND	
Impromptu	<i>Reinhold</i>
MAXINE MCMAHON	
The Valley of Laughter	<i>Sanderson</i>
LUCILLE WACHTEL	
Nocturne Op. 55 No. 1	<i>Chopin</i>
MARY BLANCHARD	
Autumn	<i>Chaminade</i>
GRACE RIDDLE	
O, Thou Billowy Harvest Field	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
EUNICE SHANNON	
En Automne	<i>Moszkowski</i>
GENEVIEVE FREEMAN	

Most of the students showed advanced work, and all gave evidence of painstaking work on the part of the teachers and a hearty response on the part of the pupils. The program, besides showing the advance made by them, gave much pleasure to the audience, as evidenced by the hearty applause.

Thanksgiving Day



The Captain-Ball Game

On Thanksgiving morning we were all very much excited about the captain-ball game. The game was to begin at nine o'clock, but both teams and most of the onlookers were at the gym at eight-forty-five. To distinguish the two teams, the Academy girls wore gold bands around their heads and the College girls wore maroon bands and ties. Both teams had fine yells and splendid cheer-leaders. The College cheer-leader was Margery Graham and the Academy cheer-leaders were Percy Dubois and Margaret Sayers.

The game started with quick action, which continued throughout the four quarters. In the first half the College team took the lead, scoring 5 to the Academy's 4. Between quarters the College orchestra and numerous yells inspired the teams to play their best. Several changes in players were made when the teams took their positions for the second half. The teams played fast and well, and when the whistle blew, the final score was 6-5 in the Academy's favor. Both displayed good team work which helped make the game a fight from start to finish.



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The Game

From my standpoint the Thanksgiving game was a great success. I was pleased with the game itself, but even more pleased with the truly sportsman-like conduct of all concerned.

The game was full of good playing. It was not a rough and tumble; it was a well-played game, full of accurate, alert, team work.

As I have said, the spirit is as important as the skill with which a game is played. Both teams proved themselves true sportsmen by their attitude toward officials, each other, and their opponents.

The College girls are to be congratulated on a good game and may be happy that they were such excellent losers. The Academy may well be proud that theirs was a justly won victory.

THE COACH

Thanksgiving Chapel Service

At twelve o'clock we gathered in the chapel for the Thanksgiving service. First Miss Schuster played "Dawn" by Gbiet. It was a very beautiful selection and we were all very much pleased with it. Then Miss Richey sang "A Song of Thanksgiving," by Allitsan. This charming song was followed by an address by the Dean. He spoke of the day as having religious associations, home associations, and national associations. In connection with national matters, he emphasized the need of a just handling of industrial difficulties. In closing we sang "America."

The Thanksgiving Dinner

Of all the events of the long-anticipated day, it was the Thanksgiving dinner, that we, who are new girls at Frances Shimer, looked forward to with the most pleasure. Long before one-fifteen we were dressed. At last, despairing that the bell ever would ring, we took a hasty scamper across campus "just to be there anyway." In the interim the bell must have rung, for as we reached West, the long line, headed by trustees and faculty, and followed by the classes in order, had begun to enter the dining-room. The shades had been drawn and the dim candle-light was very attractive. Each table had an exquisite centerpiece of chrysanthemums in colors of maroon and gold. According to custom the trustees were the guests of Dean and Mrs. McKee; the faculty retained their own table; while each class, with its counselor, was given a separate table. We filed slowly around the various tables, finding our seats by means of dainty little Thanksgiving place-cards.

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A most delicious dinner was served. The menu included:

	Fruit Cocktail	
Chicken	Mashed Potatoes and Gravy	
	Cranberry Sauce	
	Creamed Asparagus	
Hearts of Celery	Bread and Butter	
	Perfection Salad	
Mince Pie		Pumpkin Pie
	Cheese	
	Coffee	

Following the main course the toasts were begun, as is the custom, by the College Sophomores. One of their best toasts was to the Dean (sung to "A good Man Is Hard to Find"):

A good man is hard to find,
But Dean McKee is just that kind.
Just when you think
That you need a friend,
You look to him and find
That he a helping hand will lend.
It's just his smile—
It's just his way—
In all the things he has to say,
For we can't help but pay attention
When he talks to us in chapel,
Tells us all the news,
Driving away "those dog-gone blues."
For a good man nowadays is hard to find.

Their toast to "Morrie dear" was also enjoyed by us all:

We're forever praising "Morrie."
She's the mother of us all.
She is a friend on whom we depend,
Giving her time to our every call.
She tries so hard to please us,
Teach us what is right.
So we want to thank you here
For your kindness, "Morrie" dear.

The College Freshmen declared a firm allegiance to the cook with (to the tune of "Oh, How She Can Sing"):

Oh, how she can cook—almost everything,
When we hear the dinner bell
We rush to West pell-mell,

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And there she satisfies our greed
With food that's good indeed.
Oh, how she can cook!
Oh, how she can cook!
We like the many different kinds of hash, you know;
Here's to our cook; long may she live;
We love her so!
She gives us pie, and everything
And oh! how she can cook!

And now a word about the Seniors. Even the Juniors had to admit the ingeniousness of that class in getting "Nebby" into and out of the dining-room. Each Senior carried her laundry bag with her so that no one knew in just which bag the elusive "Nebby" lurked. These bags were passed around the Senior table accompanied by a toast to "Nebby," who finally emerged from one of the bags into Miss Hostetter's hands, and was cleverly toasted by President "Percy." It still remains a dark mystery to those of us not in the Senior class just how "Nebby" was taken out of the dining-room, whether it was by Hope or Naomi, via the kitchen, or through the window, or whether he was just carried out in one of the many bags. The cleverness of the class was further evidenced in their toasts. One sung to the tune of "Go Slow and Easy" was full of pep.

Go slow and easy
If you want to make a big success.
We said go slow and easy
Your exaggeration do suppress.
We have intellect and also lots of dignity,
And we put things over with our surplus energy.
Go slow and easy;
Don't be censored by the faculty.

One that appealed to us all was given by the Juniors (sung to the tune of "Take Your Girlie to the Movies"):

Oh, send your girl to Frances Shimer.
It's the best old school we know.
I tell you she will have "enuf" excitement there.
Between the Juniors and the Seniors it's quite rare;
And though at first she may be weepy,
And say, "I hate it here!"
Every day is full of fun and happiness
And she soon will smile and laugh instead of fuss.
Oh! send your girl to Frances Shimer.
It's the best old place to go.

The Academy Sophomores stood on firm ground in this toast (tune of "I'd Love To"):

How'd you like to join us on the honor roll,
 Friend Juniors, Friend Juniors?
 If you didn't always try to pick a fight
 With the Seniors, Seniors,
 You would have all the time you wanted, then
 To come and join us at the top again.
 If you'd like to have a little sense again,
 Follow us!

The "We Are Seven" little Academy Freshmen nearly lost out through bashfulness, but finally came in strongly, near the close of dinner with

The Freshmen may look young and green
 But things are not what oft they seem
 To Seniors now wise and sedate
 And Sophomores in their infant state,
 But what we may become you'll see
 In nineteen hundred twenty-three.

Following the toasts there were several cries of "Speech! speech!" Finally a "Where's our Dean?" from the College Freshmen brought a hearty "Here I am" and a clever little story from Dean McKee. Other humorous after-dinner speeches were made by some of the guests. The singing of the school song brought another Thanksgiving dinner to a close.

The Freshman Prom

The prom given by the College Freshman class on Thanksgiving evening was a fitting climax to the other festivities of the day. The ballroom was beautifully decorated in rainbow colors, and the blue of the dining-room was greatly admired.

The "Freshman Special" was an event that we all enjoyed. It was an oriental march by a queen, her slaves, and four attendants. Later in the evening an oriental dance was performed by the four attendants, and the burning incense and the softly shaded lights made the effect weirdly beautiful.

The programs for the prom had not arrived in time and so they were presented to us in chapel a few days later. They were very artistic with a gold monogram; each girl pronounced the program clever and carried it home for her "memory book."

Class Notes

College Sophomores

The Sophomore class enjoyed a picnic on October 18, given by their two class counselors, Miss Morrison and Miss Sawyer. The creek just east of the Old Ladies' Home was the scene of the occasion, the time being five o'clock. We spent a very pleasant evening around the fire, broiling meat and roasting marshmallows.

The class with their counselors were entertained at a Hallowe'en spread on October 31, given by Thelma Smith in the dining-room of College Hall.

The Sophomore class and their counselors enjoyed a Katie party November 15. Katie as usual did her bit with the cats, and so did we. As we walked home together, we were all convinced that it takes just the Sophomores, our counselors, and Katie for a successful party.

College Freshmen

The College Freshman class entertained at a tea in honor of their counselor, Miss Smith, on Sunday, October 26. The parlor and dining-room of College Hall were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Dainty refreshments were served, after which we all spent a social hour. The ring of the vesper bell interrupted our happy party.

Academy Seniors

Miss Hostetter and Margaret Dubois entertained the Seniors in Hathaway parlor after vespers, October 18. It was an altogether informal affair, the only added decorations being flowers, two shining percolators, and a grate fire. The refreshments consisted of cookies, mixed candies, and coffee. Nebuchadnezzar made his initial appearance.

The Senior Privilege Pledge proved a success. Senior privileges were granted within six weeks of organization. A committee of three with the president as chairman, drew up the Constitution, which was presented to and approved by the class on December 9.

The Student Government Association shall be identified with the Senior class, therefore the officers of each shall be the same. Student government began on December 17 with Lucille Whitman as proctor.

Edith Mayer, former Senior, is now Mrs. William Cavanaugh residing at Humboldt, Iowa.

Vesper Dickson left November 8 for her home in Chicago. On account of illness, she will not return to F.S.S. "We sho' will miss you all, Mr. Glibb."

The Senior president and the Thanksgiving Toast Committee entertained the Academy Freshmen, Juniors, Sophomores, and College Freshmen at Room 80, Hathaway, on Monday afternoon, November 10. It was such an impromptu affair that the hostesses were obliged to offer "Breeze," "Mandy," and "Karavan" as refreshments. The entertainment consisted of a game called "Hunting for the Gray Elephant." The person who was "it" hid the elephant and the others tried to find him. The hostesses could not have found a more entertaining game for their guests. Each seemed most interested, to the extent of looking behind pictures, in drawers, under the radiator, in pillows and mattresses, clothes-closets, fish-globes, memory books, shoes, ukuleles, and even searching people themselves. About five o'clock the guests departed. Everyone enjoyed herself immensely at this unique and altogether delightful party.

Miss Hostetter entertained the Senior class from two until five on Monday afternoon, December 8, at her home in the Troutfetter Apartments. The girls spent the afternoon playing games. Five tables were arranged in two of the rooms. A group of four girls played at each table in progressive order. On the score cards was painted a picture of Nebby decorated in the class colors. Mary Salome Pfleeger scored highest and was awarded a tiny Kewpie doll tied in purple and white. At the close of the games Miss Hostetter's mother and Miss Campbell assisted Miss Hostetter in serving hot fudge sundaes, wafers, and coffee. Before the girls left they sang their class song and a toast to the best counselor at Frances Shimer.

The Senior pins and a little jeweled guard for Miss Hostetter's pin arrived the night before Thanksgiving. We are now waiting for our own unique little guards.

Jack Frost, of the Junior Cabarets and "Green Stockings," visited her former classmate, Margaret Dubois, over the week-end of November 15. She arrived in time to see *Christopher Junior*, joined in the fight which followed, and slept with Nebby.

About six-thirty on Saturday evening, December 6, the Seniors started on the first bob-ride party this year. There was much music, for the Seniors like to sing. After the bob-ride Percy "set 'em up" at Katie's with hot coffee, sandwiches, and spice cake. About nine o'clock seventeen happy Seniors and Miss Cryder, the chaperon, cut across the moonlit campus toward Hathaway, singing "Onward, Seniors."

Academy Juniors

On Sunday evening, October 26, after vespers Miss Pierson entertained the Junior class in Hathaway parlor. The guest of honor was

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her mother, Mrs. Pierson. Coffee, wafers, and candies were served. All of the Juniors had a delightful time and feel much indebted to their counselor.

Miss Pierson entertained the Juniors whose names were on the Honor Roll in her room after vesper services Sunday night, November 8. Light refreshments were served. Everyone enjoyed the gathering very much.

Nebby appeared on Thanksgiving Day, much to the delight of the Juniors. But why, O Seniors, did he come to dinner in a pillow case? That was original, but weren't the Juniors the cause of the originality? The Juniors felt highly honored to know that the Seniors thought so much of them as to allow their adored one to rest at their feet during the greater part of the meal. When Nebby did appear, it was with great formality unbecoming his previous sojourn at the feet of his subjects. Seniors, how many minutes was he on your table?

Academy Sophomores

Hear ye! Hear ye!

We, the Academy Sophomores of Frances Shimer, are glad to say that through all this trying school term we have kept our dignity. Through mob scenes, raids, and lynching parties we have walked with a calm and peaceful smile. Our sister-class, the noble Seniors, have never been injured by a rash act of a Sophomore.

Academy Freshmen

A spread was given by the Freshman class in honor of their class counselor, Mrs. McKee, in Room 51, West Hall, after vespers, December 14. Games were played the rest of the evening, and then sandwiches, ice-cream, and cake were served. Although the time was rather short, everyone enjoyed herself.

Campus Notes

October 8.—The Diversion Club had charge of the dance given this Saturday night. All methods of dancing were tried. One was a "Touch-me-not" dance, in which the partners were not to touch each other; another was a back-to-back dance; and still another was the endurance dance which lasted about half an hour.

October 11.—This was an open night, with picnics suggested. The Studio Picnic was one of the most successful. Everyone had more than enough to eat, and the girls returned to the campus only when forced to do so by the approaching cold and darkness.

December 6.—This was an "Open night." Two classes, the Academy Seniors and Sophomores, went on bob-rides, taking in Katie's on the way home.

The music-history class has presented the school with the following records for the Victrola: Scherzo from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn, Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Minuet, Mozart, Flonzaley Quartet; Du bist die Ruh, Schubert, Julia Culp; Intermezzo from *Jewels of the Madonna*, Wolf-Terrari; Overture to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Nicolai.

"Reviews"

Saturday, November 8, George Beban played in "One More American." Saturday, November 22, Wallace Reid played in "Nan of Music Mountain." Saturday, October 5, Sessue Hayakawa was shown in "Hashimura Togo."

Student Volunteer Convention

At the Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Des Moines, December 31 to January 4, Frances Shimer School will be represented by two delegates from the students and one from the faculty. They are Blanche Fuller, College '20; Mildred Walker, College '21; and Dean McKee.

Miss Pierson's Party

The teachers and girls of Hathaway Hall were entertained by Miss Pierson at an informal gathering Sunday, November 30, after vespers. The girls took turns popping corn over the coals in one of the fireplaces. Miss Pierson is a very pleasant hostess, and the girls always enjoy the informal parties that she gives during the year.

The following people have visited Frances Shimer since the last issue of the *Record*: Dr. G. W. Pfleeger, of Fowler, Ind.; Miss M. Stohr, of Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. J. W. Bloomer, of Keithsburg, Ill.; Harriet Button, of Lake City, Iowa; Mrs. August Esch, of Chicago, and Miss L. Purer; Mrs. William Haupt and Miss Reba Haupt, of DeWitt, Iowa; Mrs. C. A. Wagner, of Chicago; Mrs. G. A. Phillips, of Danville, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Kulp, of Emmetsburg, Iowa; Miss Frances Duhigg, of Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Helen Carr, of Manchester, Iowa; Mr. Daniel Ryan, from University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Mr. V. S. White, of University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. H. R. Young, of Arlington, Iowa; Mrs. Hubert Carr, of Manchester, Iowa; Mrs. J. S. Smith, of Spencer, Iowa; Mrs. V. C. Squier, of Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Mary Ward, of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. Magrum Smith, of Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Brown and son, of Dayton, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wicher, of Dixon, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Haskell and daughter, of

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Princeton, Ill.; Mrs. J. J. Schweizer, of La Crosse, Wis.; Mrs. Anna Grahmn, of Prairie City, Iowa; Miss Bertha Wiggins, of Prairie City, Iowa; Mr. William Hesse, of Hartley, Iowa; Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Durkee and son, of Fulton, Ill.; Mrs. R. H. McClanahan, of Monmouth, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stadler, of Chicago; Miss Florence Miller, of Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Piper, of Marquette, Mich.; J. H. Sandy and son, of Lake City, Iowa; Mr. R. Calhoun, of Aledo, Ill.; Miss Mary Fry, of Freeport, Ill.; Mr. J. S. Wilhert, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. G. Miller, of Marion, Iowa; Mrs. B. F. Miles, of Oklahoma; Mr. S. C. Wiswell and Leslie and James Wiswell, of Chicago.



Not only members of the student body are anxious to profit by Frances Shimer's offerings. This year one of the faculty is taking a course in cooking, and another one a course in piano. Suppose others should take dancing and singing?





The Ballad of the Lost Milking Pail

"Oh, Rush, where is the milking pail?"
 Said Lorena, sweet and young, but frail.
 "My dear, I really do not know;
 I think it lies out in the snow;
 I'll find that pail or I shall die,"
 Rush to Lorena then did cry.
 Forthwith he rushed from open door;
 Lorena fell back upon the floor,
 Then picked her weary body up;
 'Twas almost time for them to sup.
 She made the tea, and cut the cake,
 And then her heart began to ache.
 The door blew open—a mighty gale
 Blew in that dear old milking pail.
 But where is Rush? No Rush appears:
 Fast fall Lorena's salty tears;
 Where is Rush? No Rush doth come,
 And Lorena starts out on the run,
 Naught she saw but an arm in air,
 And Lorena rushed right wildly there;
 Naught she saw but an arm in wave
 And she thought she heard Rush cry, "Oh, save!"
 She brought the axe and chopped around

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Until she reached the cold, bare ground.
Rush was there; she'd saved his life,
Like any true and loyal wife.
After sunshine comes the rain,
So they went singing down the lane.

—MARGARET AVERY

Want Ads

The Juniors think that the Seniors need some pep. How about it?

Wanted: Our pillow cases—and contents.—SENIORS.

Wanted: "Nebby."—JUNIORS.

Wanted: A clear night the next time the world is supposed to come to an end.

Wanted to know: Are the Hathaway College girls under student government?

For sale: Various articles of wearing apparel, such as shoes, dresses, silk petticoats, etc.—JUNIORS.

Wanted: More original jokes from the students for the next issue.
—JOKE EDITOR.

The High Cost of Living

"Do you know," said Jack to Ethel, "that I feel like thirty cents?"

Ethel, smiling sweetly: "Oh well, everything seems to have gone up since the war."

There should be music in every room—except the one next door.

Her Sentiments

Miss Cryder: Margaret, in this sentence, "All girls like to go to school," what is "like"?

Percy: It's a lie!

Wouldn't she be some girl if she had:

Maxine McMahon's beauty

Percy's popularity

Peg Avery's brain

Julia Deer's disposition

Vivian Kier's dancing ability

Betty Shannon's voice

Pearl Kulp's personality

Gert Murdough's pep?

Physics lessons all remind us,
If we had Sir Isaac here,
We'd depart, and leave behind us
Loving footprints on his ear.

—JESSIE CRUZEN.

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A blotter absorbs everything and gives out nothing. Don't be a blotter!

Mom!

Miss Ockes: Eleanor, can you tell me what a ground hog is?

Eleanor: Why, yes. It's a sausage.

Close Quarters

"What objections have you to my marrying your daughter?"

"None, personally, only I wish you'd postpone the wedding until this League of Nations is settled. The argument in the home circle is so complicated now that I don't believe we have room for another voice."

Too True

"They say money talks."

"Quite true—if it only wouldn't say 'Goodbye' so often."

A Mystery

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why, the night falls"—

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks—"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall."

The favorite perfume of syncopated dancers—"Jazzmine."

A bear met Benjy.

The bear et Benjy.

The Bear was bulgy.

The bulge was Bengy.

Teacher (giving out words in a spelling match among the wee ones):
Johnny, "swear."

Johnny (a bit puzzled at first, suddenly brightens): Damn it!

Teacher (trying in vain to remain sober): No, spell it.

Johnny: D-a-m--e-t !

Miss Hostetter (in Latin class): "Slave, where is thy horse?"

Hope: Under my chair, Miss Hostetter.

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In the shade of the geometree,
Where the sense in the leaves we can't see,
The exams that we've had
Sent us all to the bad,
In the shade of the geometree.

Miss Hostetter (to a few Latin students who had been in Hathaway parlor for a short time during quiet hour): Go quietly, please, or the teacher on duty will have a fit.

She was on duty!

Hope (to Percy, who is absently dabbing paste over the back of a notebook): What's your idea, Percy? Why cover your notebook with paste?

Percy: It isn't mine. It's Powell's.

Monday Morning

I saw the dust come flying
A flying in my room,
It settled down on everything,
I straightway grabbed my broom.

I saw the dust fly higher,
Up higher in my room,
I harder swept, and harder;
The dust, it met its doom.

—MATTIE BAUM.

Song from Pupils' Union

The year's at the frost,
The day's at the morn,
Breakfast's at seven;
The cereal's warm;
The girl's on the run;
The dean's on the watch;
All's right with the school.

—LEONE WIGGINS.

Exchanges

The Holyoke Herald.—You have a good list of advertisements. However, they may possibly seem a little out of proportion to the rest of your material since your last number contains seven pages of these and only six pages of other matter.

The Recorder.—Your paper contains several remarkable short stories. "Thieves' Wit" is quite as exciting as one of Stevenson's own. It was rather annoying to find that it was "to be continued."

Giants Mosaic.—Your last number is an interesting one containing a noteworthy short story, "The Land of Opportunity."

Poolscap.—The page entitled "The Gift" is a very attractive one in regard both to the content of the article and to its accompanying design.

The Young Eagle.—We enjoyed your paper and found it interesting.

New Trier Echoes.—Good for the Freshmen! Your number is really good; we like your cover especially.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following: *The Jabberwock*, *The Tradesman*, *The Denisonian*, *Round Table*, *The Trier News*, *The Carroll Echo*, and *The Philippine Presbyterian*.

The Scattered Family

Dorothy Fullerton, '18-'19, is now living at Frankfort, Michigan.

Mrs. Priscilla Pollock Bell, '71, is spending the winter at Osceola, Missouri.

Frances Roberts, '11, is studying nursing in the hospital at Pasadena, California.

Mary Alward, '18-'19, is attending the academy of James Millikin University, Decatur, Illinois.

Marguerite Hall, '18, did not return to Emerson this year, but is at home in Hastings, Michigan.

The *Carroll Echo*, of Carroll College, announces that Frances Sutter, '18, is pledged Beta Chi Theta.

Glee Hastings, '11-'12, is doing social-service work for the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Louise Featherstone, '19, is spending the winter in a girls' camp in Florida recovering from a severe illness.

Marjorie Leight McCann and five-year-old daughter Eleanor, of Freeport, Illinois, visited the School in October.

Margaret Craeger, '10-'13, is the recreational director of the Young Women's Christian Association in Los Angeles, California.

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Jessie Dodd, '19, is attending Russell Sage College, Albany, New York, and commuting every day from her home in Schenectady.

Esther Williams, College '19, spent a day with friends at the school in December on her way home from Boston, where she attends Simmons College.

Judith Weill Lowenthal, '01, was elected vice-president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Society at the annual convention held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, in October.

Mary Brigham, '15, was in charge of the art booth at a recent fête given at the Three Arts Club, Chicago. Mary is a Senior at the Art Institute in Chicago this year.

Dorothy Hall, '18-'19, is living at Fort Lyon in Colorado, her father, Commander Hall, having been transferred to that place from Great Lakes Naval Training Camp.

Alma Fenske, '18, is a member of the Glee Club at Oberlin. The club takes a trip East each winter, and Alma expects to see Mary Fishburn '17, College '19, when they are in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Percy announce the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth Cornelia, College '14-'15, to Mr. Carlton William Konrad, on Thursday, January 1, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Eva Roberts, College '10, writes of her interest in the work of Americanization that she is doing for the Board of Education of Los Angeles. She continues also her services for the Juvenile Protective Association of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason H. Lowry announce the marriage of their daughter, Vivian Frances, '14, to Mr. Charles Warren Smith, on Saturday, December 27, at St. John's Church, Los Angeles, California. At home, Brook Hollow Farm, Hollister, California.

Harriet Yager Greene of Clinton, Iowa, sends word that she was one of the first eleven pupils with which the school opened on May 11, 1853. She recalls that everything was very new, even the paint. Mrs. Greene is the grandmother of Marian Hopkins, a present Frances Shimer girl.

Ruth Chiverton and Eloise Jeffrey, both College '18, spent a weekend at the School in October. Ruth is teaching this year in Paw Paw, Illinois; Eloise was obliged to give up her work in Smith College for this year because of ill health following influenza. She plans to resume her course next year.

Mary Matthews Burnap, '64, is now living at 713 West Green Street, Champaign, Illinois. She writes: "I spent much of last summer in the East; I went in June to attend the 250th anniversary of the

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Clara Walker, '15, writes as follows from her home in Hollywood, California:

Thank you so much for the lovely newsy letter from Frances Shimer. Since receiving it I have had Celestine visiting me, and of course she rounded up all of the Frances Shimer girls in Southern California. We all went to see Celestine's act at the Pantages. There were the Roberts girls, Helen Huntoon, Vivian Lowrey, and "Slivers" (Gladys) Smith. We sat in a front lower box, and almost fell onto the stage every time Celestine came out. Afterward we all went up to "Marcel's" to tea.

Celestine and I wrote to ten of the nineteen-fifteen seniors. We have had answers from most of them. Catherine Morrasy is now Mrs. George Sill. She has two children, and is just now in Milwaukee. Constance Sargent is still at Mt. Holyoke. Mariam Flint is planning to go into Chicago for Christmas, and "see all of the girls." We had a fine letter from Miss Brown. The Chester girls were in Pasadena last winter.

Celestine has since been in Chicago, and has written me of seeing Ruth Shannon, Merriam Sampson, Catherine Barrett, Lucile Deutche, Elizabeth Sjolm, Madeline Sloane, Mary Brigham, Jeanne Boyd and Naomi Rentfro. Isn't that quite a list! It must be very gratifying to you and "the dean" to know that Frances Shimer ties are so strong, and that Frances Shimer memories are so dear that we seek every opportunity of reviving them with one another.

MARRIAGES

Edith Elmer Ball, '17, to Geret B. Conover, of Middletown, Ohio, on November 19.

Ellen Melendy, '10, to Charles William Hogg, October 16.

Zella Athena Petty, '09, to Nelson A. Conner, November 1, at Fort Wayne, Indiana. At home in Anderson, Indiana.

Edyth Mayer, '18-'19, to William Cavanaugh. At home, Humboldt, Iowa.

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REV. WM. P. McKEE, Dean

Mt. Carroll, Illinois

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founding of Westerly, Rhode Island, my ancestors having been the first who came there among the Indians."

Miss Harriet L. Lee, formerly instructor in English at Frances Shimer, is now educational secretary for the Central Branch of the Y.W.C.A., with headquarters at 59 East Monroe Street, Chicago. Miss Lee extends the hospitality of the rooms to all Frances Shimer girls who are residents of Chicago, and to others who may be guests in the city.

Mrs. Henrietta Benedict Edgerly, '05, has a niece, Helen Sunderland, now in Frances Shimer Junior College. She writes: "I am glad to hear such good reports of the school, and to know that it has prospered. It will be nice to have the family represented in the school again, and when Helen comes home we will have a good time talking about 'our' school." Mrs. Edgerly lives at 104 South 36th Street, Omaha.

Many readers of the *Record* will learn with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Robert H. Campbell at her home in Mt. Carroll, in October. Mrs. Campbell was most actively and sympathetically interested in religious and philanthropic work in the community. She endeared herself to many teachers and pupils of Frances Shimer because of her loyalty to the school and the enthusiastic support she gave to all sorts of student activities.

Anna Brown, '18, writes of her work at Emerson College of Oratory, and says, "This morning I received the *Record* and to say the least was surprised and delighted. I certainly was glad to hear what all the F.S.S. girls were doing and was glad that Nebby had at least been seen on the campus. He will lead the Juniors a merry chase, I think." Her roommate was formerly the roommate of Ruth Hildebrand, '16, when Ruth was at Emerson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer (Winona Branch, '71), of Lincoln, Nebraska, are spending the winter in Florida. At the recent gathering celebrating the silver anniversary of the Lincoln Woman's Club, tribute was paid to Mrs. Sawyer as the originator of the idea that led to the founding of the club. The purpose of the founders was to provide a thoroughly democratic organization in which women would have opportunity for expression and public service.

Marion Le Bron, '17-'18, is back at the University of Minnesota this year. She writes: "I love University life—although I am living it very quietly at present, with no outside work of any sort (literary or otherwise). I am determined to get through the year without any more of these *beastly* interruptions. I am very well now—and the other day someone said she thought I even looked 'a little fat,' which is the most encouraging thing that has been said about me since I left Frances Shimer. I love to think of the happy year I spent with you—a year that in many ways was the most satisfactory one I have ever spent anywhere."

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